

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Blacko Tower, Blacko, Lancashire,

There, on the side of Blacko Tower, was a mischievous creature unlike anything they had ever encountered before. It was a hobgoblin, standing about three feet tall, with wild, tangled hair and pointy ears that twitched with excitement. Its eyes sparkled with mischief as it observed the astonished onlookers.

The hobgoblin's presence seemed to awaken a sense of curiosity and wonder in the hearts of the people gathered at the tower. They cautiously approached the peculiar creature, their eyes filled with both trepidation and fascination. The hobgoblin, sensing their mixed emotions, let out a mischievous chuckle.

"What brings you to our humble abode, little hobgoblin?" asked an elderly woman named Martha, her voice trembling with a mixture of fear and curiosity.

The hobgoblin hopped from one foot to the other, unable to contain its excitement. It pointed towards the top of the tower and began to speak in a voice that was a peculiar mix of cackling and whispers. "Treasure! Glorious treasure! Hidden within the walls of this ancient tower!"

Gasps of surprise and anticipation filled the air as the hobgoblin's words settled in. The dinner party guests exchanged glances, their imaginations already racing with thoughts of adventure and riches. With a collective decision, they formed a plan to uncover the secrets hidden within Blacko Tower.

Days turned into weeks as the group embarked on their quest, carefully searching every nook and cranny of the tower. They discovered hidden passageways, secret compartments, and intricate puzzles that tested their wit and resolve. The hobgoblin proved to be an invaluable guide, leading them with mischievous hints and cryptic riddles.

As they delved deeper into the mysteries of the tower, the bond between the dinner party guests grew stronger. They laughed together, supported each other through challenges, and celebrated each small victory. It was no longer just about the treasure; it was about the journey they shared and the friendships they formed.

Finally, after many trials and tribulations, the group reached the heart of the tower. They stood before a magnificent, ornate door, covered in ancient symbols and guarded by an eerie silence. With a mixture of trepidation and anticipation, they pushed open the door, revealing a sight that left them awestruck.

Before their eyes lay a treasure trove beyond their wildest dreams. Gold and jewels sparkled in the soft glow of candlelight, reflecting a rainbow of colors. It was a sight that took their breath away.

The hobgoblin, standing proudly by their side, let out a joyous laugh, its eyes twinkling with satisfaction. It had fulfilled its role as the guardian of the tower, guiding worthy souls to the treasure that lay hidden for centuries.

The dinner party guests, overwhelmed with gratitude, thanked the hobgoblin for its guidance and the adventure it had brought into their lives. They shared the treasure amongst themselves, but more importantly, they shared a lifelong bond forged through their journey together.

Blacko Tower became a symbol of their extraordinary tale, a place where dreams were realized and friendships were formed. The hobgoblin remained a legend whispered by the townsfolk, a mischievous guardian who brought magic and wonder to the world.

And so, the tale of the hobgoblin and Blacko Tower was passed down through generations, a reminder that sometimes the most extraordinary adventures can begin with a single thud and a mischievous creature leading the way.

By Donald Jay